LECTURES AT THE FISHERMAN'S HOME

E. JESSE.

LECTURES

ON

NATURAL HISTORY,

BY

EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT

THE "FISHERMAN'S HOME," BRIGHTON,

AND SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INSTITUTION.

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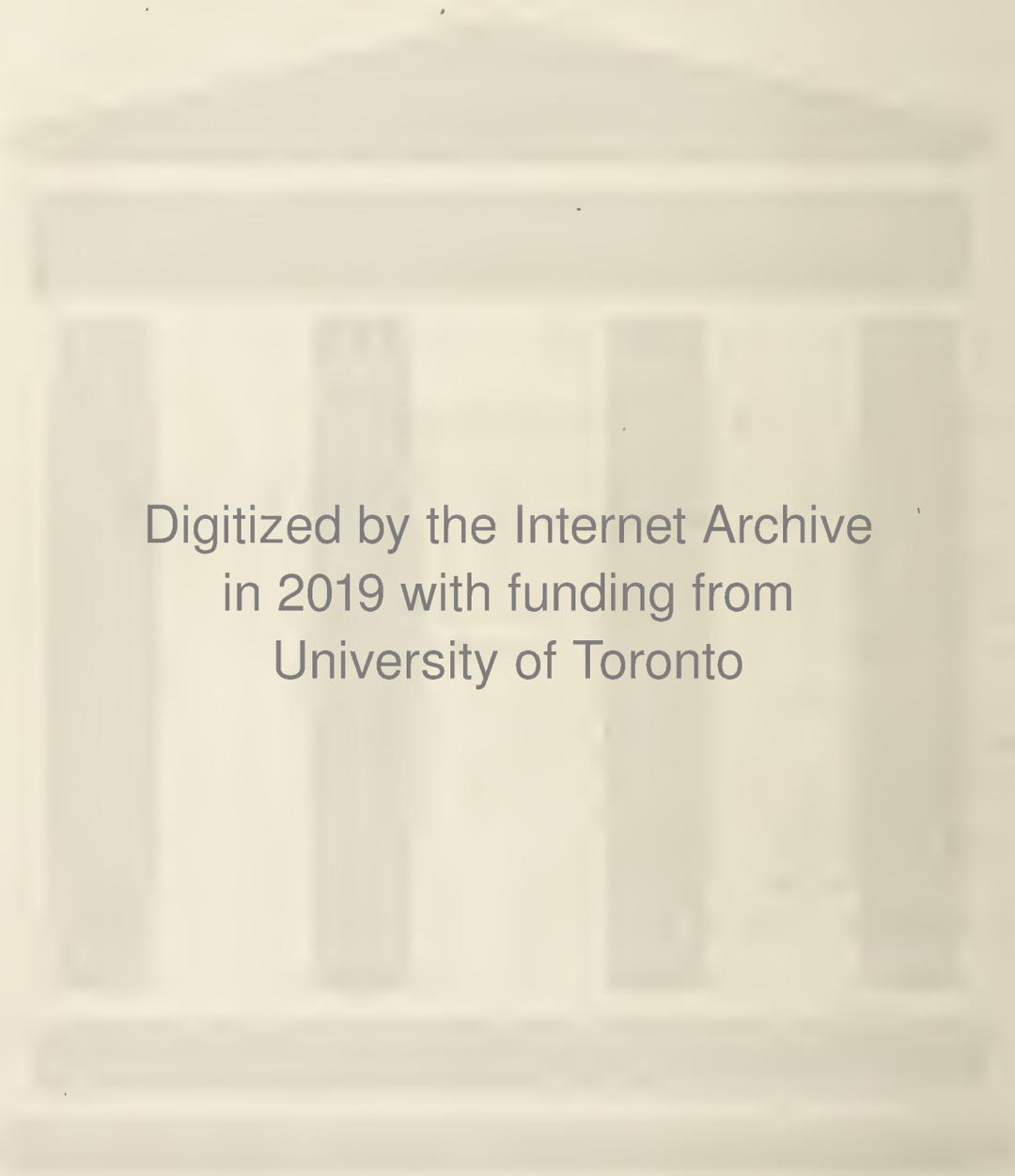
THESE LECTURES

ARE DEDICATED TO

THE BRIGHTON FISHERMEN,

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND AND
WELL-WISHER,

EDWARD JESSE.



LECTURES, &c.

I.

[From the *Brighton Herald* of January 7th, 1860.]

At the foot of the Ship-street "Gap" there is a series of arches built in the face of the cliff; and in one of these a very novel and interesting scene took place on Thursday evening. It is known as the Fisherman's Home and Reading Room, and is a warm, comfortable, well-lighted place, perfectly adapted to induce our beach population to prefer a cup of coffee and a book to the expensive luxury of the beer-shop. In this room were gathered as many of our seamen as could be crowded into it, this being a kind of inaugural assembly,—one of, we hope, a long series of nights on which the members of the Home will meet for readings, songs, and other means of rational amusement.

As this was the first, so it was a special night, marked by the attraction of a special paper written for the occasion by the very eminent naturalist, Mr. Jesse. That gentlemam was himself present, apparently in the enjoyment of good health and an old age, "frosty but kindly." He did not, however, read his own paper.

Alderman Burrows undertook that task; but, before commencing the reading, he took occasion to observe that this Institution had been provided by persons taking an interest in those who were not so well able to help themselves, in order that the fishermen frequenting this beach might have a nice warm, dry, comfortable apartment, in which they might read newspapers and books provided for them, so that they might be led to make an intelligent and right use of those faculties which the Almighty had bestowed upon them. By educating himself, a man was the better able to appreciate the advantages of a good and virtuous life, and also to discriminate between right and

wrong, so that he might do his duty towards his neighbour, his duty towards himself; and in the performance of those two duties he would be doing the greatest of all duties, that towards his Maker. (Applause.) It was with this conviction that this Reading Room had been provided; and it gave him much pleasure to see it so full this evening. If the fishermen only showed their appreciation of it by their attendance, an adjacent arch would also be fitted up, and there would thus be accommodation for double the number. In the meantime, as many among the fishermen had not the advantage of education, it had been thought desirable that there should be some one to read aloud some amusing book in the room of an evening: he had pledged himself to do so once a fortnight, and if other gentlemen would do the same, there would, with very little trouble, be an amusing and instructive entertainment provided there almost every evening in the week. (Applause.) It was a source of pleasure to find many persons taking a warm interest in this Institution, which was to a considerable extent self-supporting,—and it is always a pleasure to help those who help themselves. (Hear, hear.) He was accompanied by a very dear and affectionate old friend, Mr. Jesse, who had kindly undertaken to read a paper on "Singular Facts relating to Fish," expressly for this occasion. The fact of a gentleman of his attainments and position taking this trouble, and also attending there that evening, was one of the highest testimonials that could be paid to the Institution and those attending it. (Cheers.) He sincerely hoped the Institution might, with God's blessing, prove an advantage to them and to their families, and he assured them that nothing would be left undone on the part of the Committee to render it prosperous and serviceable. (Applause.)

The following paper was then read by Mr. Burrows:—

SINGULAR FACTS RELATING TO FISH.

My Dear Friends,—

I am going to read you something about fish, as you are all fishermen; but not all about the fish of this country, as you know them well, but about the fish of hot countries; and what I am about to say of them will, I am sure, interest you. The facts I am going to state are well known to observant naturalists, and are sufficiently authenticated to leave no doubt of their truth. In the East Indies,

Ceylon, and other hot countries, there are numerous ponds and tanks, which in the rainy season are well filled with water as well as with fish. When the sun afterwards blazes forth in all its tropical heat, these ponds and tanks are dried up, and, you would suppose, that the fish would also be dried up with them. But this is not the case. The fish have the power of penetrating deeper and deeper into the mud as it gradually dries, till they find a sufficient moisture to keep them alive till the periodical rains come some months afterwards, when they find their way back again into the water. In the meantime, their retreat is occasionally disturbed by the natives, who dig down and find them generally at a depth of two feet. The soil is clay, into which they have the power of burying themselves. In some of the sandy plains of the East Indies there are large but shallow ponds, or rather hollows, which are filled in the rainy season, but in hot weather are perfectly dry. As they become so, great numbers of small fish may be seen dead on the sandy surface; but on the recurrence of heavy rains these hollows are again stocked with fish.

Now, Dr. Buist, a learned and observant naturalist, gives us many instances of fish having fallen from the clouds. He tells us that, on the 19th February, 1830, at noon, a heavy fall of fish occurred at Nokuthatty factory, and that attestations of the fact were obtained from nine different parties. The fish were all dead; some fresh, others not. They were seen in the sky like a flock of birds, descending rapidly to the ground. Again, he says that, on the 16th and 17th May, 1833, a fall of fish occurred near Puttehpoor, after a violent storm of rain. The fish were from 1½lbs. to 3lbs. in weight, and all dead. Some fish fell at Meerut, while Her Majesty's 14th Regiment were out at drill, and were caught in numbers. At another time, during rain, a quantity of live fish, about 3in. in length, fell about 20 miles from Calcutta; they were all of the same kind. Many other instances might be mentioned; one vouched for by the late Governor of Ceylon, Sir Emmerson Tennant, who, while riding out after a heavy rain, observed many small fish alive on the road. After these facts, I should mention that, if showers of fish are to be explained, it must be on the assumption that they are carried up by squalls or violent winds from rivers or spaces of water not far away from where they fall. An instance also occurs to me, in this country, which was seen by a friend of mine. He had a garden surrounded by a high wall,

with a dry soil. After a heavy fall of rain, the garden was filled by myriads of small frogs, which must have descended from the clouds.

After these remarks on the showers of fish, I may tell you what is still more extraordinary,—that some fish in Ceylon, in the dry season, leave the pools when they contain but little water, and can make their way through the grass to other pools, going to them in one direct line. Some fish, also, in Guiana, have been seen travelling overland during the dry season, in search of their natural element, in such droves that the negroes have filled their baskets with them. Sir John Bowring, in his account of the embassy of the Siamese Kings, in 1855, states that in ascending and descending the River Meinam, he was amused with the curious sight of fish leaving the river, gliding over the wet grass, and losing themselves amongst the trees of the jungle. Whilst travelling on land, the fish have their gills open or expanded. The class of fish which have this power of moving on land have some of their bones so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, which, while crawling along, gradually exudes so as to keep the gills damp. Another small species of fish is often seen travelling along a hot and dusty road in Ceylon, under the mid-day sun, in search of water. Extraordinary as these facts may appear to you, they are perfectly well vouched for ; also, that a species of perch in Ceylon, of a very peculiar formation, has been seen to ascend trees, in search probably of some food,—insects most likely.

Now, in hearing what I have to say to you, I must request you to bear in mind that a Benevolent Creator has endowed animals, fish included, with that formation and those instincts which are necessary for their self-preservation. I will give you a proof of this which is familiar to you. You know that many flat fish,—soles, turbot, &c.,—have brown and white surfaces. When they are attacked by other fish which prey on them, they remain flat on the white surface of their skins, showing only the brown surface, which is generally the colour of the sands on which they feed ; and thus they escape the observation of their enemies. So it will be found to be all through Nature. Every animal is furnished with either some means of escape, of defence, or of cunning. Some are swift, and some are strong, and others hide themselves from their enemies in holes in the earth. But all are fed in some way or other by the same Almighty hand which

created them. You will find a beautiful reference to this in Psalm cxlv. :—

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.

"Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."

If God thus cares for the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, be quite sure that He will take care of you if you place trust in His goodness. When out at sea in your boats, exposed perhaps to boisterous and contrary winds, as most of you must have been, then lift up your hearts to that Good Being who can make the storm to cease and the waves to be still. You will always find this a great comfort and relief, especially when you are in any danger.

Let me now give you an instance or two of the goodness of Almighty God to His creature man. You are aware that mackerel, herrings, pilchards, sprats, &c., are caught in vast numbers at certain seasons of the year, though perhaps you may not be aware that there are as many hills, and, probably, mountains, in the sea as there are upon dry land;—this has been partly ascertained in laying down the cable across the Atlantic. Now, these hills are covered with marine plants, like a forest or jungle; and you might suppose that, for purposes of concealment or protection, these gregarious fish would resort to such places to deposit their spawn; and if they did, you may well suppose how few would be taken in your nets. Now a benevolent Providence has designed that these fish should become useful to man. And so they are, to a great extent; for, besides affording food to many in this country, they are exported to different parts of the world. I must now tell you that no spawn of fish will vivify, or become productive, without light. There is, then, a powerful instinct implanted in them, which compels them to resort to shallow places in the sea, in order to deposit their spawn under the influence of light, and where you are enabled to use your nets to advantage. These gregarious fish, or fish which go in shoals, are pursued by many enemies besides yourselves: gulls, porpoises, and other fish follow and feed on them, and yet nothing drives them from the shoals. It is the incredible numbers alone which keep up the annual migration.

Before I conclude, I wish to call your attention to an unusual occurrence which took place along our coasts about four years ago, and which some of you may, perhaps, be able to give some explanation of. At the time referred to a very heavy fall of snow took place, and soon afterwards great numbers of conger-eels and many other fish were picked up perfectly blind. Now, some of these eels and fish were examined by Professor Owen, the head of the Natural History Department in the British Museum, and second to no one as a scientific anatomist. His report was that the eyes of the fish he examined were covered with an opaque substance, which produced total blindness. This curious fact was not confined to fish off our Brighton coast. At Southampton and many other places, grey mullets and other fish came on shore perfectly blind : and I picked up what, I believe, is called the parrot-fish, in the same state. It is not easy to account for this sudden blindness. I am aware that some attribute it to the fall of snow ; but why conger-eel and other deep-sea fish should be affected by it is a mystery not easy to be solved. I shall, therefore, be glad to hear what any of you have to say on the subject. Let me add that fishermen enjoy the advantage over landsmen of seeing the sun rise on a beautiful morning, shedding its gilded rays over the rippling waves far out at sea, and also of viewing the glorious setting of the same luminary. These are sights which may well excite your admiration, and which ought to raise your thoughts to that Great and Good Being who has preserved your lives in the midst of many and great dangers, and at this moment enables you to meet together in peace to receive instruction and amusement. May He bless you all !

A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the Author of the essay.

Mr. Jesse briefly expressed his thanks. He was glad to see before him so many good, honest English faces. He should not detain them ; but he should give them at parting one piece of advice. It was this,—"Avoid the gin-shop." That was the curse of the country. The money paid for gin in England would pay the poor-rates. He liked to see a man enjoy his pipe and his pint of beer ; but no spirits. There was once a dispute between two ships-of-war in Plymouth dock-yard, whether the rum-drinkers or the beer-drinkers were the strongest men. A rowing-match was got up to

try it,—one crew being rum-drinking men; the other, beer-drinking men. The boats were of the same size; but the beer-drinkers beat the others out and out. (Applause.) If they wanted to be happy in this world and to get into the next, let them avoid every thing which simply led to intoxication. (Hear, hear.) It had afforded him much pleasure to write the paper for them: he hoped it was interesting; he knew it was true. He prayed God to bless them. (Cheers.)

The men were afterwards addressed by Mr. King, the Fisherman's Home Society's Sussex Missionary, who put it to a show of hands whether they would avail themselves of the Reading Room; and, receiving an unanimous affirmative, promised that the next arch should be opened forthwith, so that they might have a comfortable place in which to mend their nets and piece their sails.

Soon after, the proceeding were closed.

II.

[From the *Brighton Herald* of Jan. 21st, 1860.]

The Fisherman's Home and Reading Room, recently established in one of the arches facing the sea at the foot of the Ship-street Gap, and to which we have on several occasions alluded, is progressing most satisfactorily, and now numbers exactly one hundred members, consisting, of course, of fishermen.

Some two weeks since there was a special night at the Institution, when was read an original paper, on the subject of fish, kindly written by Mr. Jesse, the eminent naturalist, who is at present residing in Brighton.

This passed off with such great success, and the men were so highly delighted with the paper, as giving many singular facts relating to fish (and which paper we published in our columns at the time), that Mr. Jesse undertook to write a second paper.

The reading of the second paper came off on Thursday evening. It was read, as was the first, by Mr. Alderman Burrows. The

Author himself was present, as also were the Rev. A. A. Morgan, the Author of *The Mind of Shakspeare*, and Mr. J. Gibson, a gentleman visiting Brighton.

Mr. Alderman Burrows prefaced the reading of the paper by a few remarks. He said their kind friend, Mr. Jesse, was so very pleased with his visit on the first meeting,—which might be said to be their inaugural meeting,—that he had been kind enough to write another paper. (Applause.) Every thing Mr. Jesse wrote was read with great pleasure, and was accepted as an authority. They ought, therefore, to feel greatly indebted to Mr. Jesse for the trouble he had taken in their behalf. (Applause.) Mr. Burrows then gave a brief history of the position which they—the fishing population—once held in the town. He might tell them that some seventy years since Brighton was entirely under the government of the fishing population. They, however, no longer held the same rank. They were perhaps still more numerous, but they were very much less important in proportion to the population. In those days the Vicar nominated a Churchwarden, as also did the under cliff men (as the fishing population was styled), and the upper cliff men a third Churchwarden. The authority and government and management of the town gradually fell into the hands of a more numerous population ; but, certainly, we were all deeply interested in the fishermen. He could point out peculiarities in the fishing populalation of this town, and one was, that they mostly had large families. From the other population of the town they certainly were a different breed. [Mr. Jesse : They are a noble breed.] They had amongst them some handsome young men and handsome young women. (Laughter.) He had seen them, when difficulties had arisen, go out to sea in the most manly and self-sacrificing manner. After a few other remarks, Mr. Burrows proceeded to read Mr. Jesse's

SECOND PAPER ON FISH.

My Dear Friends,—

In my last lecture to you, I endeavoured to address you in that mood and way which would best come home to your feelings, and show you that I had only one object in view, that of amusing and improving you. In fact, I wished you to consider me as your

true friend, and such I hope I shall be found to be. You appeared to listen attentively, as well as to like what I wrote for you, a few evenings ago, on the subject of fish in hot countries. Some of you might have thought that what I then said respecting fish making their way over land to other waters and of their climbing up trees was not very probable ; nor can I wonder at it. Now, I wish you to consider for a moment the possibility of fishes being differently constructed or formed in some countries to what those are which you take in your nets off the Brighton coast ; and in doing so always bear in your minds that Divine Wisdom knows no bounds. His will is the well-being and well-doing of all His creatures, each of them in its own place or sphere, and His Almighty power enables Him to give peculiar formation and faculties to those beings which His wisdom created and His will decreed.

After these remarks, I may tell you that it is by a muscular movement of their ribs that fish can propel themselves along dry land, somewhat in the same way that eels and serpents are known to do. Now, if you will look at this sketch of a fish I have brought with me, you will see that what may be called ribs can be used as organs of muscular motion, according to the will of the animal. I should be making this lecture of too great a length if I was to enter more minutely into the particulars of the anatomy of these crawling fishes ; but I hope enough has been said to convince you that they exist. As to the fact of fish ascending trees, I will only mention one proof of it, which is, that there is a little climbing perch well known to naturalists, and which is found in the mangrove swamps. It can ascend trees like a chimney-sweep, and this it does by only using a pair of prickles from the gill-flaps, instead of elbows, and thus it gains the tops of stems many feet above high-water mark, picking off the flies that alight on the tree it climbs up.

But let us now turn to flying fish. There are several different species of these, and they are sadly persecuted, being pursued in the sea by bonitos and other rapacious fishes, and take flight when they are in danger from them. While in the air, the frigate and other marine birds make them their prey. It may seem to you as surprising that there should be flying fish as well as creeping and climbing fish, and yet they are known to exist.

Many of you, no doubt, have heard of the sea-cow. It appears a mass of blubber and almost incapable of motion, yet its fins are covered with a sort of nails which enable it to crawl on shore, as-

sisted by its pectoral fin, and also to get on the ice. I mention this to prove to you that the fins of these creatures are as curious as the formation of the fish referred to, and that in both cases the fins of the sea-cow, and the muscular movement of the bones of crawling or climbing fish, serve the purposes of feet.

I now wish to call your attention to some of the enormous monsters which are to be found in more distant seas ; for, fortunately for you, you have not to encounter them in your nets off these shores. One of these is called a squill. It is provided with several arms of enormous length, and when living it is said to be as transparent as crystal. It has a large mouth, and its eyes are of a sky-blue colour, imbedded in the substance of the head. This monster is said to form part of the food of the whale. I will now relate an anecdote of the squill. The captain of a whaler landed on a small, uninhabited, rocky island in the South Pacific, with one of his mates, in search of curious shells. The tide was receding, and the mate, having gone a few feet up a rock, found a squill adhering to it. Never having seen one of them before, he disturbed it, when the creature endeavoured to flounder down to the sea. The man intercepted it in its course, when it raised itself up, and seized him with its long arms, squeezing him in such a way that he felt as if all his bones would be broken, at the same time it breathed hot air into his face, and glared at him with its blue and angry eyes. In this extremity the mate called out to the captain, who luckily was near, and who came and released him by cutting in two the arms of the squill with a large knife which he had with him. Had it not been for this interference, the man would have been killed and his body fed upon afterwards. In the Mediterranean these creatures are found, but of an inferior size. They spread themselves on the ground, and, when persons are bathing, instances have been known of their being seized and killed by the squills.

There is another monster found in the West Indies called the sea-eagle, because in its rage and anger it sometimes elevates itself with such force as to raise the sea into a foam, and makes a noise like thunder. One of the species, called by sailors the sea-devil, was taken at Barbadoes, and was so large that it required seven pairs of oxen to draw it on shore. Sharks and rays, which are nearly allied to them, are known to have been caught of the enormous length of forty feet.

You may well ask what can be the use of these and many other

monsters of the deep? I will endeavour to explain this to you. You know that quadrupeds in general only have one young at a time, while a fish will produce a million; and, indeed, it is calculated that a cod-fish alone will put forth nine millions of eggs in one year. Now, it is evident that if it was not for these monsters, which open their enormous mouths and throats and swallow the smaller fish by hundreds, the ocean would soon be filled with them, and there would scarcely be room for other marine animals. Only think for one moment how gregarious fish, such as mackerel, herrings, &c., would increase and multiply if it was not for your nets and the predatory creatures which feed upon them. Remember also that He, whose tender mercies are over all His works, has fitted the creatures thus exposed to destruction for their fate; and we may therefore conclude that, being what are called cold-blooded animals, they do not suffer from great pain and anguish. The tremendous animals I have referred to also devour all carcasses, &c., which may be found floating in the water, and thus they serve to purify the ocean, as hyænas and vultures do upon earth. I will mention another lesson which may be learnt from the existence of these monsters; for, if God fitted them to devour, He fitted them also to instruct. The existence of creatures so evil, and such relentless destroyers of the works of the Almighty, teaches us that there are probably analogous beings in the spiritual world, and which should warn us to use great care and watchfulness in our conduct, in order that we may escape their destructive fury. You see, I occasionally give a little good advice while I am endeavouring to amuse you.

Nothing is more remarkable than the infinite variety and singularity of the figures and shapes of fishes. It has been thought that the ocean contains representatives of every animal that is to be found on the earth or in the air—at all events, the forms of fishes are more singular and extraordinary than those of any other department of natural history. Amongst the animals of South America, one of the most curious and interesting is the gymnotus, or electric eel—so strong is their electric power, that it is said they can kill a fish by it (and on which they feed,) at a distance of sixteen feet. Lacepede, the celebrated French naturalist, is my authority for this statement. They abound in the rivers and ponds of South America. When the Indians want to catch them, they assemble and drive the wild horses of the plains, by shouts and other means, into the river. The electric eels then attack them: now and then a horse will receive so

severe a shock that he is killed. Others contrive to swim across the river, and then throw themselves down exhausted on the opposite bank. The eels are thus deprived of their electric power for a time, and are then speared by the Indians, who feed on them. There is another singular fish, which is able to bring its prey within its reach by discharging a different element than that of the electric eel, and that is water. It is a small fish, remarkable for its singular shape, the brilliancy of its colours, and the quickness of its movements. It may be called the fly-shooter, from its food being chiefly flies and other insects, and especially those that are found on aquatic plants. When it sees one of these on a leaf, it blows out a drop of water with some force, which knocks the fly off the leaf, and it then feeds on it. I will mention another fish, and an ugly one it is, which you are probably acquainted with, for it is found in all the European seas. They are sometimes called fishing-frogs, from their resemblance to that animal ; but I believe you call them sea-devils. It is a large fish, and has been caught seven feet in length. Now this fish has no defensive arms, nor strength in its limbs, or quickness in swimming ; but it is a cunning fish, as I will prove to you. In order to procure its food, it hides itself in the mud, covers itself over with sea-weed, or conceals itself among stones, and lets no part of it be seen but the end of some fringes of its body, which it moves and agitates in different directions, so as to make them appear like worms or other baits. Fishes, attracted by this apparent prey, come near this sea-devil, when he catches them in his enormous throat, which is furnished with almost innumerable teeth. There is another of this species which has only a single, what may be called, bait, just above his mouth. You see in this case of the sea-devil, that if it cannot pursue and overtake and seize its prey, it is enabled—as in the case of the electric eels and the fly-shooter—to do so in a way we should not expect, thus showing the beneficence, wisdom, and power of the Great Creator, and to which I am always glad to call your attention.

I will only mention the habits of one or two other fish, as they may interest you. The hussar fish of Demerara, and the black goby of the Mediterranean, each makes an artificial and prettily-made nest, the first of fresh-water plants and the other of sea-weeds. They protect their spawn and defend their young fry, observing in this way all the instincts of birds that lay eggs. The little sticklebacks of our brooks, in England, do the same. The little frog-fishes have side-bags full of water, and pectoral fins, like feet. They hop about

for hours on the sands, left dry by the retreating tide, to prey upon the sand-hoppers, &c. The mud-fish of the River Gambia, in Africa, when the stream falls low, burrows and coils itself up in a deep mud-cellar, leaving a little hole for air, which its swim-bladder deals with like a lung. When the rainy season returns it comes out, and then breathes as fish do. It is a true amphibious creature—that is, it can exist both on land and in the water.

I have now done, and trust that I have interested you. From my advanced age, I may not be spared to come amongst you another year; but while I live I shall always be delighted to hear that you duly appreciate and avail yourselves of the advantages prepared for you in your Fisherman's Home. I pray God to bless and prosper you all.

The men listened to the paper with very great attention, and appeared to be much pleased.

Mr. J. Gibson then addressed the meeting, remarking on the interest every person—man or woman—took in the British sailor. He could give them one or two instances. It was not two years since that the Dover fishermen were in great distress. Their claims were laid before the public by means of the public papers, and in less than three weeks £1,000 was subscribed for their benefit; and he believed the sum asked for, £4,000, was ultimately obtained. (Applause.) Mr. Gibson gave, also, an instance of the courage of fishermen, as witnessed by him when staying at Lowestofft. By their bravery they saved eleven souls out of a crew of sixteen. Those noble men had their reward. Mr. Gibson then stated the advantages to be derived from a Penny Savings Bank, and hoped to see one established among the fishermen of Brighton. It would be a great benefit to them. When a gentleman of Mr. Jesse's standing in life and venerable appearance, who came down to Brighton for a little while to benefit his health, devoted his time to their interest, he hoped to see the people of Brighton come forward. (Hear, hear.) With a few other remarks Mr. Gibson sat down.

A fisherman could not help rising to thank Mr. Gibson for the kindness he had shown in behalf of the Society generally and particularly by coming there that evening.

Mr. Nathaniel King, the missionary of the Society for Promoting Missions to Seamen, stationed at Brighton, said a few words, and

stated that the Rev. E. Clay had undertaken to open a Penny Savings Bank in connection with this Society. (Applause.)

A vote of thanks was unanimously given to Mr. Jesse, who briefly but feelingly returned thanks.

The Rev. A. A. Morgan then addressed the members, and shortly afterwards the proceedings terminated.

We may add that the objects of "The Fisherman's Home" are numerous: they provide a comfortable retreat on the beach where the fishermen of Brighton may find refuge from the storm: where they can at all times obtain tea and coffee; can be amused in their leisure hours by the perusal of desirable literature; and have an opportunity of listening to lectures, delivered gratuitously by those residents and visitors who take a lively interest in their welfare. Two of the blessings which will arise from this Institution are a "Penny Bank" and a "Sick and Clothing Fund;" and, if properly conducted, it is almost impossible to calculate how greatly they will improve the condition not only of the fishermen but their wives and families.

At present the vacant space of a single arch on the beach is appropriated to this philanthropic "Home;" and could many of our wealthy inhabitants and visitors have left their dinner tables on Thursday evening and seen this small space crowded with fishermen listening attentively to a dissertation on fish,—if they could have witnessed their demeanour and heard the grateful expressions made use of towards those who had come there to meet them, funds would not long be wanting to enlarge the place considerably, to provide every necessary, and place on a permanent footing an Institution that cannot do otherwise than materially benefit a numerous and important class of the inhabitants of this prosperous town.

Subscriptions, we are informed, will be thankfully received by the President, Mr. Alderman Burrows; the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. J. Williams, Ship-street; and Mr. H. Goulty, 2, Sussex-square; or at either of the Banks.

III.

(From the *Brighton Herald* of February 4th, 1860.)

Gratified with the reception given to his contributions, by the members of the Brighton Fisherman's Home on two former occasions, Mr. Jesse, the eminent naturalist (at present staying at Brighton), has kindly written them a third and most interesting paper. The subject of the other two papers (both of which have been published in our columns) was sea fish ; while the present paper is on "birds." It was read at the "Home," on Thursday evening, by the Rev. A. A. Morgan. The venerable author himself was present ; and also Edmund Chapman, and Stringer Stringer, Esqrs.

The Rev. A. A. Morgan, in a few words previous to reading the paper, remarked that, whether on the subject of the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, or the beasts of the earth, Mr. Jesse was looked upon as an authority. He would ask them what a man was who did not use his observation ? He resembled the mole, to whom half the beauties of Nature are hidden. We were placed here in a world surrounded by beauties ; we are given eyes to see them, and reason to comprehend them. The Creator was invisible, and the only manner we could come to any knowledge of Him was by His works. Through those works, and their skill and contrivance, we came to a knowledge of the Creator. Then, in addition to that, we had revelation to confirm what we gathered by those means ; and, therefore, the more we studied His works the more we knew of Him. After a few other observations, the Reverend Gentleman proceeded to read the following

INTERESTING PAPER ON "BIRDS."

My Dear Friends,—

I have given you two lectures on foreign fish ; and, as they appeared to amuse you, I will now read you one on birds, because, exeept gulls and a few marine birds, you are not very likely, from your occupation as fishermen, to know much of their habits

and peculiar instincts. These are well worth your attention, and I hope that what I shall have to say on this subject may both instruct and amuse you. But, before I proceed further, I wish to say a word respecting the gulls which dip and flit and fly about these shores, in a way which every lover of Nature, and every visitor to this town, must always admire. Now I ask of you, as a little return for the trouble I have taken in writing these lectures for you, to protect these interesting birds as far as you are able to do so. I always watch their flight with the greatest satisfaction : it is one of the sights which renders my visit to Brighton a pleasing one. Besides, they are useful birds ; for, if you take a stroll on the Downs when land is being ploughed up, you will perhaps see gulls following the ploughman, and picking up the grubs of many of those insects which are so injurious to the farmer.

As there are but few trees and bushes in the more immediate neighbourhood of Brighton, I am afraid that you are not often gladdened with the song of the blackbird, thrush, and nightingale, though you have probably heard the cheerful notes of the lark, as he pours them forth, and approaches to heaven nearer than any other bird. The lark makes its nest always on the ground, and generally early in the Spring, in grass fields. If you examine the claws of a lark,—which you may do at Mr. Sinnick's or any other poulterer's, where, I am sorry to say, too many of them are to be found,—you will find that these claws will readily take up one of the eggs of these birds. When, therefore, the mowers either approach to or mow over their nests, they will take up an egg in each foot, as I have seen them do, and convey them to some more secure place, returning quickly for the rest, till all are removed. Now, in viewing this structure of the foot of the lark, one cannot help admiring the goodness of a benevolent Creator, who has thus supplied one of his creatures with the means of rearing its young. Should the egg be only just hatched, the young will be removed in the same way.

I will now tell you that there are about forty different sorts of tender and, generally, what are called soft-billed birds,—that is, birds that feed on insects,—which arrive in this country from far-distant places every Spring. You may not be aware that these little birds perform their long journeys in the night, led by an unerring instinct, which the Great Creator has implanted in them.

This fact I have ascertained from some of the keepers of lighthouses, who have informed me that they have occasionally found these birds, early in the morning, killed by flying against the revolving light. They have also found woodcocks, snipes, and other birds, dead, showing that they also migrated in the night. As another proof of this curious fact, I may mention that, riding out early one morning in a meadow, a large flock of swallows dropped on the ground near me, and so much exhausted that they appeared incapable of moving, although I rode my horse amongst them. After resting some time they took flight, and dispersed in various directions. Swallows are supposed to migrate to this country from Africa, Italy, Spain, Greece, and other places. A captain of a ship assured me that when he was at a long distance from land, numerous swallows settled on his rigging, as a resting-place. They are a useful bird, destroying myriads of flies ; for they are on the wing, catching them, from the first light of day till late in the evening. It is a pretty sight to see them thus employed. They are sensible, clever birds, and I will give you one or two instances of this. You know that swallows make their nests of mud or clay. Now sparrows are apt to take possession of these nests and lay their eggs in them. When the hen-sparrow is sitting on them, a number of swallows will collect together, each with some clay in its mouth, and, in an instant, stop up the hole of entrance, thus leaving the sparrow to starve to death in the nest she had stolen. This fact I observed myself, and also the following :—A pair of sparrows had driven a pair of swallows from their nest, laid their eggs in it, sat on them, and hatched six young ones. When this took place, a number of swallows came and pecked down their former nest, and I saw the helpless young sparrows on the ground, where they soon perished. A third instance of this combined intelligence in birds was communicated to me by the late Sir Henry Willock, who was our Ambassador in Persia. There was a ruined tower opposite his window, at Teheran, on which those migratory birds, the storks, came year after year to make their nest. On one occasion a pair of peafowl forstalled them, and took possession of the tower and began to prepare a nest, driving the old storks away. After a short time a number of these latter assembled, attacked the peafowl, drove them away, and remained near the spot until the original storks were securely established on the tower. Now you must perceive that this faculty

of communicating their wants and of exciting their congeners, or others of their own species, to assist in revenging their wrongs, is not only curious, but wonderful. How this is done must be left to conjecture, except that it is an impulse implanted in them by their Divine Creator. Dogs that have been ill-treated by a larger one have been known to entice another to revenge their cause.

I will now tell you a little about the cuckoo—a bird, I am afraid, you seldom hear at Brighton ; but it arrives in this country early in the Spring, and its unvaried notes seem to proclaim fine and pleasant weather. It is a lazy bird ; for, instead of sitting on and and rearing its young, as all other birds do, it deposits its eggs, but only one, in the nests of other birds, selecting always those of insectivorous birds, that is, of birds which feed their young only on insects : these are generally robins, wag-tails, and hedge-sparrows. Now, the cuckoo is as large as a blackbird, and requires a great quantity of food. It is evident, therefore, that if the parent robin, &c., had to feed their own young as well as the voracious cuckoo, some of them would be starved. In order to prevent this, the latter is furnished with a hollow in his back, in which he contrives to get the newly-hatched robin or hedge-sparrow, and then throws them out of the nest one by one, remaining sole possessor of it. Having done this, he is readily fed and brought up, though it requires all the exertions of his foster-parents in order to supply his enormous appetite. There is another curious fact connected with the cuckoo. There was a small hole in the wall of my garden in which a robin had built its nest. Now, it was quite impossible that a cuckoo could get into it to lay its egg, and yet I found a young cuckoo in it. She must, therefore, have dropped her egg on the ground near the hole, and either taken it up in her mouth, or in her foot, and placed it in the nest.

Perhaps you are not aware that there is a great difference between rooks and crows, although it is very usual to call them all crows. The rook feeds on worms, slugs, &c., and is very useful to the farmer ; while the crow is not only a great thief, but will kill, if he can, other birds, in order to make them his prey. A gentleman driving one day in his gig along a lane in Shropshire, saw a house-pigeon pursued by two carrion crows,—as they are called from eating carrion,—as they were probably hungry, and wanted the pigeon for food. The latter, becoming exhausted, fled for refuge into a tall, thorny hedge. One of the crows, however, stationed himself above

the pigeon, and the other below it. They then got nearer and nearer to the poor bird, who, seeing its danger, left the hedge, but was immediately followed and seized by one of the crows. To the surprise of the gentleman who had watched the whole proceeding, he saw the crow rise up into the air, and at last fall down dead; one of those active little animals, called weasels, had fastened on him. This serves to illustrate the old proverb of the biter being bit. The pigeon was afterwards picked up alive, and taken home by the gentleman referred to. I will now tell you another anecdote of the crow. In the Island of Ceylon there is a very cunning and impudent one, not black, as ours are, but with a brown or bronzed back. In the court-yard of the house of the Governor of Ceylon, a large dog was chained up, and was employed one day in picking the meat off a bone which had been given him. One of these crows alighted near him, and showed a wish to partake of the bone. This the dog would not allow, so the crow flew away and soon returned with a companion, who was placed near the tail of the dog, and the other took his station as near as he could venture to the coveted bone. The crow near the dog's tail then gave a strong pluck at it, when the dog turned quickly round to see who had taken this liberty with him. This was the opportunity wanted, for the first crow seized the bone and flew away with it, followed by his companion, and they no doubt enjoyed it together in some secure place. You see this is another proof of what I have said of combined intelligence and communication in animals. The above curious anecdote is related by the late Governor of Ceylon in his history of that island.

There is another cunning bird, which Shakspeare calls the maggot-pie, but we the magpie. In a tamed state they are easily taught to talk, which they will sometimes do quite as distinctly as a parrot; in a wild state they now and then make a chattering noise, but do not often collect together as rooks do, although some years ago I counted more than twenty, in one flock on the Brighton Downs. They make curious nests, using a large quantity of thorny sticks and brambles, and sometimes place them in odd situations, as I am about to tell you. You have heard of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who, almost without assistance, and in the midst of poverty, completed that wonderful Dictionary,—a proof of his great learning and extensive reading,—which is called after him. In his more prosperous days, he went a journey into Scotland,

accompanied by his friend, Mr. Boswell; and, as he was a large, heavy man, he had a stout stick in proportion to his size. Now, it so happened that he lost this stick, and deplored his loss very much. His companion, in order to comfort him, said that it would be found again. "Never," said Dr. Johnson; "consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber in this country." Thus you see that trees were not very abundant in those days in Scotland. This being the case, a pair of magpies, for want of a better place, resolved to make their nest in a gooseberry bush in the garden. They brought great quantities of brambles, sticks, and gorse, or furze, and made it so large, and with so many twistings and turnings in it, that no arm (even if it was as long as my own,—and that is pretty long, as you may see,) could reach either the eggs or the young ones. It was considered a curiosity, and was suffered to remain unmolested; and there it may be, for all I know, at present, although the Scotch are a thrifty people, and might not like to lose their crop of gooseberries.

I do not know whether any of you have seen the fishing eagle. It is sometimes found in this country, and it feeds upon fish when it can get any. It is a noble bird, but not so fine a one as the golden eagle, for which it is sometimes mistaken. A lady told me that a flock of wild swans, perfectly white, flew past her drawing room window in Ireland, pursued by two eagles. It must have been a fine sight. As the swan is a much larger bird than the eagle, it shows the boldness and power of the latter in attacking such a prey.

The heron is a bird you have probably seen, and a most patient one it is, standing, with its long legs, in the shallow water of some pond or stream, for hours together, waiting to catch an eel, or some other fish, or a frog or water-rat. It will also feed on snakes. In frosty weather they go to the marshes, as well as to the sea-shore, in search of food. They build on the highest trees; and, notwithstanding the great length of their wings, they quit the trees and alight on them again with the most perfect silence. In the fine heronry in Windsor Great Park—and it is a Royal one—I once saw an interesting sight. A pair of ravens wanted to take possession of a heron's nest. The battle began on the tree in which the nest was built; but the ravens were driven from it, and then the fight was continued in the air. The ravens soared round and round, uttering their harsh notes, while the herons struck at them with their sharp strong beaks,

and after a long time drove them off. In a heronry on the top of some noble Scotch fir-trees in Ashly Park, near Walton-on-Thames, a young heron had fallen out of its nest, and was brought into the house and given to a gentleman who happened to be there. It was put into a basket, which was placed in his gig, and he drove that evening to his house some miles distant. On arriving there, he turned the young bird into his garden, which was walled round. Early the next morning he saw an old heron feeding the young one, and this it continued to do until the latter was able to fly and make its escape. It would appear that this affectionate parent must have fled miles and miles in search of its offspring, until at last, hearing its plaintive cry, it came to its support.

The affection of birds for their young is very extraordinary. I have known a blackbird attack a cat that was near its nest while on the top of a wall, and by flying rapidly against it drive it away. This affection I have frequently seen in partridges and peewits, or plovers. When they have considered their young to be in danger, they will fly along the ground just before the person who is near their brood, flapping their wings as if they were wounded, and uttering piercing cries, thus drawing the intruder after them. It is a pleasing instance of maternal affection.

I do not know whether any of you remember an extraordinary flight of the small blue or rock pigeon which took place over Brighton some years ago. I am informed that there was a similar one last year at this place. Where they come from, or where they go to, I am unable to inform you. In North America the flights of these birds are so enormous that they continue in one long, broad line for miles together, and towards evening they settle on trees in the forests, breaking down some of the branches, and many falling on the ground perfectly exhausted. The farmers in the neighbourhood know pretty well the time of this annual migration, and drive their pigs into the woods to feed and fatten on the pigeons.

But I must conclude, or I shall tire you. Let me, however, beg of you not to abandon your snug Fisherman's Home. When the advantages of it are more known, depend upon it a more general and liberal assistance will be afforded it by the inhabitants of this large and prosperous town. Some persons have said to me, "You will do no good amongst these fishermen—they will

spend their money in drink and idleness as soon as they get it." Now, I think very differently, and far better, of you. I will never believe that the fine body of men I now see before me are incapable of receiving well-intended and kindly advice, and of acting upon it. I trust and think that this will not be the case.

I will only add, that in walking about Brighton, I occasionally see in those vile receptacles for drunkards, called beer-shops, a paper stuck in the window with these words on it—"Best Old Tom here." Now, this Old Tom, as he is called, is a consummate rascal, as I am going to prove to you. You may ask, what has this old gentleman done to deserve such an epithet? You shall hear. If you form a too intimate acquaintance with him, he will lead you to poverty, misery, and ruin. He will make you impoverish your wives and children, and not only ruin your own health, but ruin also the health of your soul, rendering you at last a fit subject of the Devil. But this is not all that this old rascal does. He has been even known to incite those who have been too much under his seductive influence to commit the crime of murder, and many, as they were ascending the fatal scaffold, have attributed their being led to do this from their having begun an acquaintance with Old Tom. Nor is this all. As a Magistrate for Middlesex, I can assure you that very many of those who are brought to our County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, in a state of insanity, both men and women, are indebted for their madness to this same Old Tom; for, I am sorry to say, that he has a very extensive acquaintance. What can I say more to you, except to urge and beseech every one to avoid his company and acquaintance, or, in other words, not to become a gin-drinker. From my long experience, I have known good, hard-working men, well to do, fall a victim to this sad vice, and become ruined in this world and, it is to be feared, ruined in the next.

I have now done my best to amuse and instruct you. Do not think that what I have said respecting gin-drinkers is intended to apply to you. I see too many open, honest, healthy countenances before me not to feel sure that the vice of gin-drinking has been avoided by them. Farewell, and may God bless you all.

The paper was listened to with marked attention and evident pleasure. A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to the

worthy author, who briefly but feelingly returned thanks. Mr. Jesse said he was old and had not long to remain with them, but as long as he lived he should always be pleased to hear from them. He assured the men he felt a great interest about them all; and he hoped, when he got home, to send a good many books for them to read. (Cheers.) He would now and then send a lecture for his friend, Alderman Burrows, to read to them. He would not forget them. (Loud cheers.)

E. Chapman, Esq., addressed the men, depicting the evils arising from attending public-houses.

Mr. Jesse, with the other gentlemen, soon after took their leave, with a hearty "good-night" from all the men.

IV.

(From the *Brighton Herald* of February 18th, 1860.)

There was a large muster of fishermen at their "Home," in the arch on the beach, on Tuesday evening, the attraction being the reading of another most interesting paper from the pen of Mr. Jesse. This was the fourth original paper that that eminent naturalist had kindly written for the "Fisherman's Home," and he promises to write a fifth before leaving Brighton. The former papers, all of which have been published in our columns, were on the subjects of fish and birds, while the present one was on quadrupeds.

Mr. J. Gibson undertook the task of reading the paper on Tuesday evening. The venerable author, as on former occasions, was, however, present.

Mr. Gibson observed that when a gentleman of Mr. Jesse's talents,—and, too, at the good old age of eighty,—not only wrote lectures for the men, but took so much interest in their Institution as to come there that evening, they ought to be very grateful.

(Applause.) He (Mr. Gibson) was very glad that, since he was last there, a little money had come in ; and he had only to repeat what ne had said before, that if their claims and the usefulness of the Institution were fully laid before the public many persons would come forward. He had just come down from London, and the first visit he paid was to them, and he was now going to do what Mr. Jesse could not do so clearly as himself. He was going to read Mr. Jesse's paper. (Applause.)

Mr. Jesse remarked that he would read it himself only his voice was weak.

Mr. Gibson then read the following

PAPER ON "QUADRUPEDS."

My Dear Friends,—

I have written three lectures for you, two on the subject of fish and one on birds, and I am now going to address you on the subject of quadrupeds, or four-footed beasts. I have a few anecdotes to tell you respecting them which I hope will interest you ; but, before I do this, I wish to impress upon you how desirable it is that you should become acquainted with the works of the Great Creator ; and, be assured, that the more you acquire a knowledge of them, so much the more will you be led not only to admire but to wonder at the infinite variety and extraordinary contrivances of Him who made you and all things both in heaven above and upon and in the earth beneath. If the most minute insect is examined through a magnifying glass, an exquisite and curious formation will be discovered, and will appear as wonderful as that of the largest animal. In short, it is our duty to see God in His works, and those works will declare His goodness.

And now I may tell you that much has been written on the subject of instinct and reason in animals, as well as in men. I will endeavour to explain the difference. Instinct leads all animals to do exactly what was first instilled in them at their creation. Birds build the same sort of nests and feed their young with the food most proper for them—the lion wanders about at night seeking his prey—the ostrich lays its eggs in the hot sand—the bee makes the same sort of curious cells—and so it is through all animated nature ; but the dog, the elephant, and

some other creatures will sometimes act as if they were possessed of reason, and of which I will presently give you some instances. Man, on the contrary, is not led to act from instinct, but from reason. If you were going to commit an act of great folly or wickedness, reason would tell you not to do so, while instinct would teach a bird to avoid a hawk, and a rabbit to get into its hole to escape from a fox. I will now give you an instance of reason in men. You may remember the circumstance, for it only happened a very few years ago. A number of passengers, with many women and children, embarked in a ship, and in which was a company of soldiers. The ship sprung a leak, and it was soon evident that it could not be stopped, but that she must sink. The boats were lowered, but would not possibly hold the whole numbers on board. The brave, noble soldiers called out that the women and children should be saved first ; and they were so, the boats being soon filled with them and the passengers and crew. The soldiers were thus left alone on the deck, drawn up in line, dauntless and unwavering, their captain at their head. They felt the foundering vessel gradually sinking beneath them, but, strong in their sense of duty as well as of discipline, without an effort to save themselves, they went down with the vessel and all perished; the women, children, and passengers and crew were saved. Here was the triumph of reason over instinct. Instinct would have led these noble soldiers to seize one of the boats and to save themselves. Reason interposed, and triumphed, as you have seen, over instinct, and that in a way which did the greatest honour to British soldiers.

I will now give you some instances of reason in animals. Two friends of mine went out duck shooting. When they came near some high reeds where they expected to find ducks, they threw their hats down, crawled to the reeds, and having shot at the birds, they sent their retriever dog for the hats, one of them being much smaller than the other. The dog took up first one hat in his mouth, and then trying to take up the second, the first, of course, dropped on the ground. After some efforts to take them both up at the same time, he put the smaller hat into the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and then readily brought them both to his masters. This, I think, affords a strong proof of reason.

Another friend of mine was shooting on a hill in the north of

England, which was surrounded by a stone wall, about four feet high. He fired at and wounded a hare, which ran through one of the holes left at the bottom of the wall. He sent his retriever after it, who readily leaped the wall from the higher ground, and pursued, caught, and killed the hare, and returned with it in his mouth to the wall. When there, he made some attempts to leap it, but failed. He then poked the hare through one of the holes with his nose as far as he could, jumped over the wall, went to the hole, and brought the hare to his master.

In Cumberland there are very extensive and high hills, on which numerous flocks of sheep depasture, and which at a distance look like little white specks. A shepherd will stand at the bottom of one of these hills, and send his dog up in the evening to collect his flock. This the dog will do by selecting the sheep from the different flocks, and bring them down to his master, there being seldom one missing. Should there, however, happen to be one, the dog is sent back, and never fails to return with the proper sheep. I have watched this proceeding, and it has always appeared to me most wonderful that, in a flock consisting probably of some hundreds, mixed with several others, a poor dog should be able to distinguish each one of his master's sheep. A caress on the head, or a kind word, seem sufficient to repay him for all his trouble. He will return at night to his master's cottage, wet and tired, and coil himself up before a fire, probably, of a few sticks, and be ready to renew his toil the next day.

These sheep-dogs have a wonderful degree of intelligence. When I had a small farm, I was in the habit of having two hundred sheep sent me from the Cheviot Hills, some two hundred and fifty miles from my farm in Surrey. On asking the shepherd who brought them the first year how he had got on, he said he had but a young dog, and found much difficulty by the sheep taking wrong turnings, going up lanes and by-roads. The next year I asked him the same question. He told me that he had been accompanied by the same dog, who recollected all the false turnings the sheep had made the year before, and had gone before them and kept them in the proper road, so that he had no difficulty with them. Here was recollection, intellect, and a certain degree of reason as well as instinct.

The Highland shepherds are firmly convinced that their dogs perfectly understand what is said. Indeed, Hogg, the celebrated Ettrick Shepherd, related to me one or two instances in proof of

this, which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten; but you shall hear another. A Highland shepherd, speaking to a gentleman, said accidentally,—"I'm thinking the coo (cow) is in the corn." His dog immediately rose, passed out of the house, and climbing to the top of a pig-sty, which commanded a view of the corn field, satisfied himself that the cow was not there, and returned to the house. In order to try the dog, he said, "Deed, sir, the coo's in the taturs." Again the dog went out, made his own observations, and again returned. A third trial was then made, which showed that there was no occasion for the dog's services. He returned and went under the bed, sulky, growling, and dissatisfied, evidently disgusted at having been made a fool of.

A shepherd was in the habit of taking his little son with him, a boy of three or four years of age, when he was going to attend his sheep. He left him one day on the slope of a hill, while he went to some distance. On his return, he looked and hunted for the lad in every direction, but at last went back, late at night, to his cottage, and told his wife of their loss. While they were sitting together, miserable and disconsolate, they heard a scratching at the door. On its being opened, the shepherd's dog came in, which had not before been missed, and by his significant actions, by pulling the shepherd's coat and looking earnestly at him, induced him to follow the animal with his lantern, and was led by him to some rocks, into which the boy is supposed to have slipped, and thus the life of the child was saved.

I might multiply anecdotes of the sense of dogs to a great extent; but I will now tell you something of the sagacity of elephants, which perhaps have stronger reasoning powers than any other animal.

The father of a young lady, who is now staying with me, was one day in a jungle in India, tiger shooting, mounted on the back of a favourite and much petted elephant. All at once he saw a tiger crouching just beyond the head of the elephant. Having pulled the trigger, his rifle missed fire; he threw it on the ground in order to seize another, when, to his surprise, the elephant picked up the fallen gun with his trunk and gave it to him, as if aware that it was necessary for the destruction of the tiger.

Another day, this gentleman, while out tiger shooting on the same elephant, was aware that a tiger was concealed in a very thick jungle close by, but from which he could not be driven. The mohout, or driver of the elephant, was desired to tell him to bend and beat the

bushes with a tree which stood near. This the animal did so effectually, that the tiger started out, and was shot. The gentleman was so pleased with the sagacity of his elephant, that he told the mohout to give him some sugar when they returned home, a favourite food with them. This was forgotten ; but in the evening the sagacious animal found out his master, rubbed him gently and repeatedly with his trunk, and contrived to do so until the promised sugar was given him.

A third instance of sagacity and reason in the elephant I will now tell you. While on a shooting party, one of these animals got into a morass or bog. Nothing that it could do, or the attendants, could get it out. At last, some one suggested that a quantity of bushes should be thrown to it. These the sensible animal placed under its feet, and thus by degrees extricated itself.

An elephant, on one occasion, was ordered to drag a tree, which proved too heavy for its strength. It was urged and excited to continue the trial, till the poor animal broke the chains which attached it to the tree and ran away. It was supposed that it had escaped into the jungle, and would mix with the wild elephants. But how differently did this noble and sensible creature act. Instead of returning to its native wilds in the forest, it came back in about an hour, accompanied by two other elephants, and their united strength performed the task allotted to the first elephant. Here was reason and a power of communication in animals, which I have referred to in former lectures. You may doubt the accuracy of what I have stated ; but, I can assure you, that the fact may be strictly relied on.

Let me tell you an anecdote of a seal, one of which was lately exhibited in Brighton,—and a noble animal it was, and very obedient to its keeper. A gentleman, living near the sea in a remote part of Ireland, where the people are very superstitious, had a seal so tame, so affectionate, and so fond of his master, that it would follow and caress him whenever he had an opportunity of doing so. It so happened that there were two bad harvests in succession, and the foolish people attributed it to the poor innocent seal. They made such a stir about it that the proprietor was obliged to consent to its being sent away, provided its life was spared. It was placed in a boat, which was rowed to a considerable distance, and the seal then turned into the water ; but it soon found its way back to its old master. A second time it was taken to a still farther distance ;

but again came back. A third time it was taken so far that the boatmen were absent two or three days ; but, before they consigned the seal to the waters, they had the cruelty to put out its eyes. One day, the gentleman thought he heard the plaintive cry of his affectionate favourite. On opening his door, there was the seal, who had strength enough left to crawl so far, and then died : thus showing his love to the last. It must have died of starvation, as it was incapable of catching any food.

In the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, seal are very numerous, and will often put up their heads close to a boat. The fishermen, however, declare that if there should be a gun in the boat, no seal will ever come within its range. They are clever, sensible animals, and easily attracted by musical sounds, putting their heads out of water evidently for the purpose of listening to them. There is a well-known old seal in the Forth, who, from old age, has become perfectly white. The fisherman call him the Laird of Aberdour ; and, as they have never been able to kill him, they think that he cannot be killed. When a boat approaches the rock on which he is, he rolls himself into the water. The quantity of fish seals destroy is enormous, coming up the rivers after the salmon.

The beaver is another sagacious animal, living in companies, and acting together as if they were possessed of reason. In making their strong dams across the rivers in North America, they will, with their sharp teeth, gnaw through the bottom of a tree, so as to make it fall exactly where they want it. They then fill up the spaces with clay, to form the dam, using their flat tails, as bricklayers use trowels, in plastering it. In the recesses of this dam they lay up their winter store of food.

But I must conclude, with the hope that I may have amused you. I will endeavour to give you one more lecture before I leave Brighton, and then they shall all be printed, and sold for the benefit of the "Fisherman's Home," which I hope you will all stick to as a place of rational resort, and in the success of which I shall always take the greatest interest. Good night, and may God bless and prosper you.

The paper was received with immense cheering, and with every appearance of delight.

Mr. Gibson said that if ever it was in his power, when in Brighton,

to promote their interest, he should be happy to do so. He really hoped that the people of Brighton would come forward and do what they could to assist them. We all had seasons of trouble and affliction, and we all knew that in the winter the fishermen had a great deal to put up with. He therefore thought the rich ought to come forward. He had no doubt that the men all worked hard; and if any accident occurred at sea, they were always ready to put out; therefore, they had a great and a peculiar claim on public sympathy. Mr. Gibson then gave one or two remarkable instances (such as Mr. Jesse had related in the paper just read) of the power which reason, in human nature, has over instinct; and, in conclusion, proposed that the best thanks of the fishermen be given to Mr. Jesse, not only for the essay he had written for them, but for his presence there that evening, and Mr. Gibson hoped they should see his grey hairs there next week. This Institution was only a beginning; but great things arose out of little things, and he hoped next year to see the place increased four times. (Cheers.)

The vote of thanks to Mr. Jesse was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Jesse returned thanks. He said: though I can write a little, I am a very bad speaker. I feel a great and deep interest in the welfare of this "Fisherman's Home." I hope it will be a "Home" for you all,—for enjoyment and rational amusement,—by reading books that give you instruction. As long as my life is spared I shall always take an interest in the "Brighton Fisherman's Home." When I get home I shall send you books, and now and then a lecture which I will ask some friend of mine to read to you. (Cheers.) Good night; I wish you all prosperity, health, and happiness, and God bless you all. (Renewed cheers.)

Shortly after Mr. Jesse and the other gentlemen took their leave amid the cheers of the men.

V.

(From the *Brighton Herald* of Feb. 25th, 1860.)

There was another "special" evening at the Fisherman's Home on Tuesday, when that eminent naturalist, Mr. Jesse, read the fifth lecture which he had written for the Institution. The subject of this, the last paper previous to Mr. Jesse's leaving Brighton, was insects.

There was an unusually large attendance, and the men were honoured by the presence of a lady who takes a deep interest in the prosperity of the "Home." The men appreciated this visit, and one and all purposely abstained from smoking,—for be it known that smoking *is* allowed at the Fisherman's Home ; it is, in fact, with the cup of coffee, and newspaper or book, one of its chief luxuries to the members.

The Rev. A. A. Morgan, E. Chapman, Esq., and others, were also present.

On the four previous occasions, Mr. Jesse's lectures were read by some gentleman or friend. In this instance, however, the venerable Author said he would endeavour to read it himself. This might be considered a somewhat difficult task for a gentleman so far advanced in years ; but Mr. Jesse succeeded very well indeed, enunciating his words most distinctly. Before reading his lecture, he said, addressing the men, he had told them before that he had a bad cold, and could not read his lecture. His voice was not very strong, but he would do his best. If he came to an anchor, his friend Mr. Morgan would help him to go on. (Applause.) Mr. Jesse continued : My dear friends, I will call you, because I have a desire to show an affection for you all, and a great interest in your well-being. I have already written four lectures for you, —I do not know whether you liked them or not,—two were on fish, one was on birds, and one was on quadrupeds ; and now I am going to read you one on insects. (Applause.) Do not be surprised at what I shall tell you—they are all God's creatures ; He made them exceedingly beautiful, and it is only by becoming

acquainted with His works that we can become acquainted with Him. Mr. Jesse then proceeded to read the following

INTERESTING PAPER ON "INSECTS."

My Dear Friends,—

One of our most celebrated poets has said,—

> "Each crawling insect holds a rank
> Important in the plan of Him who framed
> This scale of beings;"

and it is on the subject of these insects that I am now about to address you.

The scale of beings in this world has been so beautifully and wisely ordained by the Great Creator, that one of the greatest of naturalists and philosophers in this or in any other country, while showing me a very small insect through his microscope, made the following remark:—"I believe that if it was possible to destroy the whole of these insects, the scale of created beings would become entirely disorganised or disarranged, so completely does the well-being of some depend on the existence of others." This is a curious and interesting remark, coming from such authority, and is well worth your recollection.

There are supposed to be about fifteen thousand different sorts of insects in the world, and many of them, if viewed through a microscope, would surprise you by the beauty and richness of their colours. Some have fins, like a fish, or a beak, resembling that of birds. Others have horns, like a bull or a stag. One is armed with tusks not unlike those of an elephant; another has spines, like the quills of the porcupine or hedgehog; and some are covered with a substance like horn.

But perhaps the most interesting fact is, that there is no one invention of man up to the present time of which some hint may not have been taken from insects. You know that steam-boats are made to pass along the water by means of a wheel on each side of the vessel. Well, there is an insect which moves itself in the water by the assistance of two little wheels fixed to its sides, which it turns round with great quickness, and thus goes from one place to another. Spiders may teach the art of weaving; and the bee that of building.

One insect has an instrument like a saw ; and another like an auger, or a carpenter's tool, to bore holes with. The nautilus, which may almost be called a sea-insect, spreads out a little sail, and guides itself with oars. In short, there is no creature, however insignificant it may appear, from which some benefit or instruction may not be derived.

You will, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you that many of the little insects you see around you have a great degree of sense, though you, probably, avoid them with dislike. But so it is ; and I will give you one or two instances of it. You know that bees are kept in hives, where they lay up a store of honey, and they go in and out of the hive through a hole left open at the bottom of it. Now, a large slimy slug, which has no shell, got into a hive through this hole. The bees soon killed it ; but their united strength could not drag it out of the hive, and therefore they covered it completely over with a thick coating of coarse wax, called *propolis*. It so happened that one of the common brown-shelled snails got into the same hive. It was soon stung to death ; but, instead of covering it and its shell over with wax, they merely glued the edge of the latter to the board of the hive, and thus left it, as no unpleasant smell could issue from it, which would not have been the case with the slug had it not been cased over with wax. Was there not reason in this ?

I had a hive of bees which was attacked by wasps, who wanted to get at their honey. In order to defend the entrance to the hive, they made a sort of fortification of wax behind the hole of entrance, leaving only two or three small passages just sufficient to enable one bee to pass at a time, so that they could defend themselves against the wasps with great ease.

When the heat in the inside of a hive is so great that the wax is in danger of melting, a number of bees will collect at the bottom of the hive, and move their little wings with such rapidity that they can create as great a circulation of air as a lady would do in fanning herself.

In very hot countries, such as the West Indies, bees alter their mode of laying up their store of honey. If they placed it in cells at the top of the hive, as they do in colder countries, the great heat of the sun would melt the wax, and all their fanning would be to no purpose. They therefore place it in very small waxen bottles, somewhat in shape of an inverted mushroom, the stalk or neck being uppermost. These are placed at the bottom of the hive, and in this

situation the wax is kept cooler, and, of course, less liable to suffer from heat.

I think that these facts will show you that bees are possessed of sense, or what some would call a superior intellect. It is not, however, only their sense which we should admire, but also their industry and usefulness. They are never idle, but work from morning to night in collecting honey; and when the weather is bad, they employ themselves in cleaning the hive, and in making and repairing their cells. These cells are beautifully constructed; and, as the bees are obliged to pass over them very frequently, the edges of them are much stronger and thicker than the walls of the cells. These edges, however, serve another purpose, as they help to retain the honey. When the cells are filled, they are covered over with wax, and not opened until the honey is wanted.

Ants are another class of insects whose operations are curious and wonderful. For instance, there is a small red ant in the West Indies which conceals itself in covered ways, and attacks and feeds on the hardest woods, never appearing on the bark, or even touching it. Thus, when a tree or a beam of a house appears perfectly sound, it has been, perhaps, eaten out, and nothing but a shell remains.

Some of our English ants will ascend a poplar or a lime tree, where they find, on the tender shoots of the tree, a small green insect called an aphis. You may ask, "Do they eat these insects?" Quite the contrary. The ants, as I have often see them do, tickle them with their antennæ, or little feelers, which project from their heads. This seems to please the aphes, who discharge a sweet substance from their bodies, called honey dew, on which the ants feed. They may be called the milch cows of the ants.

In a fine morning, ants disperse themselves in various directions and to considerable distances from their usual abodes in search of food. When they have discovered any, they make their companions acquainted with it by means of their antennæ, or feelers, which serve them, as I will presently prove to you, to hold a sort of conversation with each other. You may be surprised at hearing this; but it is perfectly true, not only with respect to ants, but also with bees and wasps, and probably, also, in regard to other insects. I have frequently placed a small green caterpillar near an ants' nest, and watched what would take place. A solitary ant has, perhaps, discovered it, and eagerly attempted to draw it away, as a winter-store—for they lay up, as prudent persons should do, against a rainy day. Not being able

to accomplish this, I have seen it go up to another ant, and by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar. Still, these two were not able to accomplish the task. They separated, and brought up reinforcements of their community by the same means, until a sufficient number were collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest. You thus see that a sort of language can be kept up by means of these antennæ. It is supposed that a strong hive of bees will contain 36,000 workers. Now, each one of these, in order to be aware of the presence of their queen,—whom they love, as I am sure you do yours,—touch her every day with their antennæ. Should the queen die, or be removed, such is the affection of her subjects for her, that the whole colony disperse themselves, and are seen in the hive no more—perishing, every one of them, and quitting all their store of honey which they had laboured so industriously to collect. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a very small wire cage, placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects could touch and feed her, they are perfectly contented, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual.

You see, then, that this antennal language is a wonderful and curious gift, bestowed by a Benevolent Creator on little insects ; but who are all, like you, objects of His love and care. You should always bear this in mind ; for, if God clothes the flowers of the field, and feeds the young ravens that call upon Him, be sure that He will both clothe and feed you if you trust in Him, and endeavour to do what is pleasing to Him.

There is another class of insect, the common house-fly, well worth your notice. On examining them, you will see that each has two projecting eyes, both of which are furnished with 4,000 lenses, appearing, through a microscope, like a piece of honeycomb. These give them that rapidity of motion which you must often have observed in escaping capture. Their flight, also, is so swift that it has been supposed they can fly at the rate of nearly a mile in a minute. Their interior structure is equally curious, having blood vessels and other functions which are to be found in larger animals. But I must draw your attention to their feet, which are furnished with a sort of wet sponge, which enables them to run up and down smooth surfaces, such as glass, with the greatest facility. Some flies lay their eggs in dung-pits ; others in the bark of trees, which causes them to throw out those gnarled and wooden projections which you may sometimes see in old oak and elm trees.

Wasps are another species of insects whose proceedings are very curious and interesting. Early in the Spring, and on a sunny day, you may see a large wasp settling on some decayed wood and appearing to feed on it. This is a female wasp, the parent of a large colony. The wood she seems to eat is formed into a few cells, perhaps at first only five or six, in which she deposits her eggs. These are gradually increased in number until the eggs are turned into wasps, which then come out and assist in the work of building, until what may be called a large city is formed, inhabited by some thousands of her subjects,—for the queen is the mother of them all. She generally selects a hole in a bank, some old hollow tree, or a roof of a house, in which to make her future colony. There are, however, two distinct species of wasps in this country ; one of which forms her nest, generally a smaller one, on the boughs of fir and other trees. They are round, and are covered with what may be called flakes of a substance made also from wood. These throw off the rain and also serve to keep the young wasps warm before they arrive at maturity. The other species of wasps make the same covering.

In order to show you with what rapidity these insects form their nests, I will mention the following fact :—I built a small shed early one Spring, which was covered over with slates. In the course of the following Autumn it was found that the slates admitted the rain. Some of them were, in consequence, taken off, when a wasps' nest was found built on the rafters, so that it could readily be removed perfectly entire. It was a beautiful structure, the outside appearing as if covered with small brown shells, and it measured $3\frac{1}{2}$ft. in circumference. I sent it to the Zoological Museum. Now, this large nest must have been made in the course of five or six months.

The nests of hornets are equally curious ; but they use green wood in forming them. They are generally found in hollow trees, but sometimes on the branches of firs ; so that, probably, like the wasps, there are two species. They are a dangerous insect, as their sting is very severe. They are also very strong. I once placed a hornet under a common wine glass, when it got its fore feet under the edge of the glass, and thus lifted it up, and made its escape. I also once saw a hornet carry away a small pear from my garden. Like wasps, the female hornet is the parent of the colony. She remains torpid during the Winter, and in the Spring leaves her retreat, and begins making her nest. All the workers, both those of the wasps and hornets, die

in the Winter. This is a beautiful arrangement of Providence, or, rather, I should say, of the Great Creator ; for if these insects increased and multiplied in the same proportion as bees, we should experience a most unbearable nuisance. Bees, on the contrary, increase ; are confined in hives ; and are most beneficial to mankind in producing wax and honey. I had, however, almost forgotten to tell you that there is a winged ant in South America which builds a curious and beautiful nest in trees. The cells of the combs are hexagonal, like those of bees, and are stocked with honey, which is both good and sweet. The cells are much smaller than those of bees, and the whole arrangement of them shows the most interesting specimen I have seen of insect architecture. I have brought a piece of their comb to show you.

The large forests in South America would be almost impassable, both for man and beasts, if it was not for the beetles. The trees which compose them stand very thick, and as they and the branches are constantly falling down, they are quickly consumed by beetles, which abound in these forests in incredible numbers. Ants also assist in the destruction of the trees, so that the forests can be travelled through without many impediments. But for these useful insects, no one could get through them.

The nests of many insects, as I have mentioned, are very curious and interesting. I have brought two or three specimens of them to show you. One is that of a moth, found in South America. You will see with what labour and wonderful skill it is formed, and how impossible it seems for an insect, shaped as a moth, to introduce these numerous bits of sticks and fix them on the outside of its nest. Here are some other specimens I have brought to show you.

But I must not forget to tell you of a little creature which lives far out at sea, and is found on the gulf-weed. Its name is latiopa. Sometimes a rough wave will sweep it from the weed and force it into the deep waters ; but it is provided with an air bubble, and it glues to this bubble a thread, which it lengthens as the bubble naturally rises to the surface. This small quantity of air, before it bursts, floats on the water, and is soon attracted by the gulf-weed, towards which it runs and fastens itself alongside. Then up comes the insect, by means of her thread, and thus regains her seat on the weed,—her natural position. You see how wonderfully and kindly the Great Creator has provided for the well-being of a little insignificant creature.

There are, no doubt, many curious and interesting insects in the sea ; but, from the element in which they live, we know but little of their habits and peculiar instincts. Some are parasitic, or adhere to the bodies of fish, and others eat into the flesh of whales. I must, however, refer to the muscles which, as you are aware, attach themselves to rocks, by means of a strong, silk-like thread ; but perhaps you are not aware that these threads, which are very strong, have been collected and made into a pair of gloves.

I have deferred my mention of the most interesting and valuable of insects for the conclusion of my lecture. I refer to the silk-worm. In order the better to enable you to understand the wonderful arrangements of Providence in regard to this moth, I may tell you that all butterflies and moths, when they quit their cocoons, or winter-coverings, fly away, and are of no service to man, except as objects of admiration of their beauty and peculiar instincts. But how different is the case of the silkworm ! If she was furnished with expanding wings, like other moths, she would fly away and become useless. Her wings, however, are so short, that although she flutters them a little, she never attempts to quit her home which has been provided for her, but lays her eggs and dies—so short is her existence as a perfect insect. These eggs, when hatched, produce very small grubs, which must have mulberry leaves provided for them to feed upon. When they have arrived at maturity they leave off eating, and begin to spin them valuable silk, forming it into a cocoon, or covering, which they may be heard doing night and day, for three days, when it is finished. The silk which covers the cocoon will extend for many hundred yards. In the silk countries—that is, in places where the silk-worms are most cultivated—these cocoons are thrown into a cauldron of hot water, the ends of the silk unfasten, when 50 or 60 of them are caught and wound off into hanks, or skeins, like worsted, all together, and sold by weight to silk merchants. The grubs which spin these cocoons, of course, are killed ; but a certain number are reserved for breeding, and these lay many eggs.

Now, let us consider the utility of the silk-worm. The countries which produce the greatest quantity of silk are Italy, Turkey, India, and China. The number of persons in the world who are benefited or clothed by silk is perfectly enormous. There are the growers of it, the feeders, the cultivators of mulberry trees, the manufacturers of silk, the shopkeepers and their attendants, and many others who are

either directly or indirectly benefited by it; and all this is owing to the peculiar construction of an apparently insignificant insect. And here I may mention that no fishermen's knots are found in winding off the silk, and no entanglement or breakage, but all runs smoothly from one end to the other. Let us wonder at and admire this wonderful arrangement of a Benevolent Creator in forming this insect.

But I must conclude this, my last lecture—at least, for the present—with every kind wish for your happiness and prosperity. Do not forget your old friend, but try and make a good use of what he has said to and written for you, and God bless you all!

Mr. Jesse was listened to with great attention, only being interrupted by frequent bursts of applause; and scarcely had he concluded before the men set to cheering at the top of their voices.

Mr. Nathaniel King, the Missionary in this district, from the Society in London for promoting Missions to Seamen, thought the fishermen could not do less than give their kind friend, Mr. Jesse, a vote of thanks.

This, we need hardly say, was carried with immense applause; and many of the men expressed a wish that Mr. Jesse would be able to give them another lecture before he left Brighton.

Mr. Jesse was very much obliged for the thanks his good friends had offered him; and (he continued) I assure you that the best thanks you can give me is that you will let me know that you are going on well, making a good use of your "Home," always keeping out of the ale-house, by which you will make a good home for your wife and children, and be prosperous. (Prolonged cheers.)

The lady present having taken a cup of coffee, and given the men the means of enjoying a good smoke in consideration of their abstaining from this indulgence during her visit, Mr. Jesse and his friends shortly after took their leave, amid the hearty applause of all the men.

Really our fishing population have reason to be grateful—they ought to consider themselves highly favoured—when a gentleman of Mr. Jesse's talents and years, visiting Brighton for the benefit of his health, takes so much interest in their behalf as to write for their especial use and instruction such valuable and interesting lectures as

he has done ; and, moreover, to have those lectures printed and sold, as he promises to do, for the benefit of their "Home." The men evidently *do* appreciate Mr. Jesse's kindness, as a token of which they have returned their thanks to him as follows :—

"We, the undersigned fishermen and boatmen of Brighton (and others present), beg to return our sincere thanks to Mr. Jesse, for writing and reading his good lectures.

(Signed)

"Joseph Salvage, Richard Markwick, George Young, Jim Shrivell, William Pentecost, Thomas Pentecost, George Priest, and Philip Collins (fishermen).

"Joseph Wells, James Harries, and Friend Payne (seamen).

"Thomas Laycock, John Measor, Francis Measor, Richard Gillam, Thomas Daws, James Mockford, William Bray, Samuel Akehurst, George Gunn, John Gooding, George Harman, Philip Barnard, Thomas Bassett, John Laycock, James Bassett, Thomas Bassett, sen., George Monk, John Barton, and George Jeffery (boatmen)."

This must be very gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Jesse.

VI.

(From the *Brighton Herald* of March 3rd, 1860.)

Agreeably to their expressed wishes, Mr. Jesse, previous to his departure from Brighton, has kindly written for the members of the Fisherman's Home another valuable and interesting lecture,

being the sixth that that gentleman has given them while a visitor to this town.

The subject of the paper was on the love of animals for man and for each other; and it was read on Tuesday evening,—the venerable author himself again undertaking the task.

The attendance of men was larger than on any former occasion, every available seat being occupied. It is on occasions such as this that the want of the adjoining arch is felt; and we trust that ere long the required accommodation will be obtained. Mrs. Jesse, Miss Lowndes, and W. Jevons and J. Verner, Esqrs., and others, were present.

Mr. Jesse, on rising, said it gave him great pleasure to know that the men were pleased with the lectures he had written for them, and he was very much obliged for the thanks they had given him, which he read in the newspaper. He had written the present lecture for them in a very short time; but he hoped they would be pleased with it. Mr. Jesse then read the following paper on

"THE LOVE OF ANIMALS FOR MAN AND FOR EACH OTHER."

My Dear Friends,—

Some of you asked me to read you another lecture, and I am going to give you one on the love of animals for man and for each other. It is an interesting subject, and may, perhaps, induce those who either read or hear it, to treat dumb animals with that kindness which every one who has a good heart would wish to do.

When that fearful curse was pronounced upon man, "the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the field and fowl of the air," leading creatures to avoid mankind as their worst enemies, one exception seems to have been made in the case of the dog. This faithful animal cleaves to his master through poverty, distress, hunger, and even death itself. Nothing destroys his love and attachment. We have instances when officers have been killed in battle, a loving dog has remained close to the body of his master, howling his distress, refusing all food and

comfort, following the body to the grave, and expiring upon it,—thus showing his affection to the last.

Another affecting instance is related of a dog, who followed his master to his grave, which was in one of the London church-yards, and was overlooked by several houses. On this grave the dog scratched a hole and lay in it. One of the kind-hearted inhabitants of the houses brought it some food ; but there it remained day after day, but eating what was brought it. At last, some one erected a small shed over it, to shelter it from the weather. There the dog might be seen year after year, protected and sympathised with by every one who knew the circumstance of its remarkable attachment, till death—and nothing but death—released it from its fidelity to the master it loved.

But, before I proceed with my anecdotes of these affectionate animals, I must express my surprise that so many unfeeling allusions should constantly be made to these noble creatures. Thus we hear of a "lazy dog"—a "drunken dog"—a "dirty dog"—a "shabby dog"—of leading a "dog's life"—of a "dogged temper." We call a dandy a "puppy," and sometimes another man a "cur." All these are epithets misapplied as far as the dog is concerned ; and I think you will agree with me when you hear the following anecdote :—

A young gentleman of the name of Gough, of considerable talents and of an amiable disposition, lost his way when wandering, without a guide, on the mountain Hellvellyn, in Cumberland. He was accompanied by a terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Trying to reach the top of the mountain by a difficult pass, he fell down a precipice called "Stridenedge," and was killed. His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by his faithful dog. Although the body had been so long a time exposed to the attacks of the numerous wild birds of prey, and also the foxes which abound in that region, it was found untouched and undefaced by them, so strictly had it been watched over and protected. How the dog procured his food is a mystery which has never been discovered, but the fact of his remaining near the body of his master is undoubted. The celebrated Sir Walter Scott, a great lover of dogs, and who frequently visited a friend in Cumberland, wrote a beautiful poem, called Hellvellyn, on the incident I have

just related. It is too long to quote the whole of it, but I will give you an extract from it. Sir Walter Scott says he had seen the place where the wanderer had died, and then adds—

"Dark green was the spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
'Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute fav'rite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chas'd the hill-fox and the raven away.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou slumber,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unheeded the Pilgrim from life should depart."

I am sure you will all thank me for relating this beautiful and affecting anecdote of the love and fidelity of a poor dumb animal to his master, whose remains were interred in the burial-ground attached to a Quaker's meeting-house, near the foot of the mountain.

A poor woman, returning one winter's evening from a market, where she had purchased her loaf of bread, a bit of bacon, and a small piece of mutton, and accompanied by a small dog, was overtaken by a violent snow-storm, as she was passing along a narrow lane. She was unable to proceed, and at the end of three or four days was found dead. Her dog had survived, and was discovered close to his mistress and the basket of food, which was untouched, although the poor animal must have been nearly starved from having had nothing to eat for so long a time.

I will now relate another anecdote of the love and affection in dumb animals, which I am sure will please you. Mr. Morritt, well-known to the readers of the life of the celebrated Sir Walter Scott, as his intimate and confidential friend, had two terriers of the pepper and mustard breed, or, rather, for it is a character I always delight in, the Dandy Dinmont breed. These dogs,—for it is as well to leave out the feminine appellation,—were much attached to their kind-hearted master, and he to them. They were mother and daughter, and each produced a litter of puppies about the same time. Mr. Morritt was seriously ill at this period, and confined to his bed.

Fond as these dogs were of their puppies, they had an equal affection for their master, and they accordingly showed this in the following manner. They conveyed their two litters of puppies to one place, and while one of the mothers remained to suckle and take care of them, the other went into Mr. Morritt's bed-room, and continued there from morning until evening. When the evening arrived, she went and relieved the other dog, who then came into the bed-room, and remained quietly all night by the side of the bed ; and this they continued to do, day after day in succession, until Mr. Morritt recovered. This charming anecdote was communicated to me from a quarter which need not leave a doubt of its authenticity, and affords an affecting proof of love and gratitude in animals who, I am sorry to say, are too often ill-treated.

A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, a place some of you are probably acquainted with. The surf was rolling furiously, and eight men were calling for help ; but not a boat could be got off to their assistance ; although I have no doubt but that some of you now present would have tried, for the Brighton fishermen have done many brave things. However, a gentleman at length came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver the stick he was charged with, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. In this way, a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved. Does not this anecdote make you love dogs ? It ought to do so.

I will now give you an instance or two of the love and kindness of animals to each other. My home is at East Sheen, in Surrey ; but a short distance from it there resides an amiable and excellent gentleman, who, like many others, has his cows, pigs, and poultry, and one of his pigs produced a large litter. As is generally the case, the youngest of the litter was a small weakly pig, and was pushed away when he attempted to feed with the others. Being

thus without food, he gave utterance to his plaintive feeble cries. These attracted the sympathy of a kind-hearted hen in the yard, who sheltered and warmed it under her wings. The pig was subsequently fed by artificial means, but the hen continued her care of it till it no longer required her protection.

I will give you another instance of animal kindness which occurred under my own observation. The late Earl of Albemarle, when Master of the Horse to the Queen, lived at the Stud House in Hampton Court Park. He had a fine breed of black and tan spaniels, one of which produced a litter of puppies and died in bringing them forth. Their plaintive cries, like those of the pig I have mentioned, induced a young female of the same breed, who never had puppies of her own, or was in the way of having any, to foster and warm them. They attempted to suckle her, milk came in consequence, and she was thus enabled to bring them all up. I have often seen her employed at her task, and nothing could exceed the affectionate way in which she performed it.

You shall hear of an instance of friendship in animals. When the German Legion was actively engaged in the Peninsular War, two horses were always picketed together and served side by side in the same troop. One of these horses at last died. His companion refused all food, and pined away and expired—a victim to his affection for his constant companion. Birds, also, that have been kept together in cages have been known to die when they have lost a companion : so capable are animals of showing love and affection.

But let me return to the dog ; for I like to dwell on his noble qualities. It was a pleasing remark of Sir Edwin Landseer, whose pictures of dogs approach so near to the life, that the Newfoundland dog was "a distinguished member of the Humane Society." Indeed, we see in Sir Edwin's pictures faithfully pourtrayed honesty, fidelity, courage, and sense — no exaggeration — no flattery. He makes us feel that his dogs will love us without selfishness, and defend us at the risk of their own lives ; that though friends may forsake us, they never will ; and that in misfortune, poverty, and death, their affection will be unchanged and their gratitude unceasing.

A gentleman, while bathing in the sea near Portsmouth, was in the greatest danger of being drowned. Assistance was loudly called for ; but no boat was ready, and, although many persons

were looking on, no one could be found to go to his help. In this predicament, a Newfoundland dog rushed of his own accord into the sea, and was the means of saving the life of the gentleman. He afterwards purchased the dog for a large sum, treated it as long as he lived with great kindness, and had the following words worked on his table-cloths and napkins — "Virum extuli mari;" which may be thus translated—"I have rescued a man from the sea."

You will be amused with the following anecdote, for it is something in your way as sailors. There was a Newfoundland dog on board H.M.S. Bellona, which not only kept the deck at the bloody battle of Copenhagen, but ran backwards and forwards with so much courage and apparent anger at the foes, that he became a greater favourite than ever with the crew. When the ship was paid off, after the Peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor, the dog, was placed in the chair, and fed with roast-beef and plum-pudding, his health drank, and the bill made out in Victor's name.

A kitten, only a few days old, had been put into a pail of water in the stable-yard of an inn for the purpose of drowning it. It had remained there for a minute or two, until it was to all appearance dead, when a female terrier, attached to the stables, took the kitten from the water and carried it off in her mouth. She suckled and watched over it with great care, and it lived and thrived. She had at the time a puppy of her own.

I will now tell you something of the turnspit. In my very young days I was at a school where large joints of meat were turned by two of these dogs, one on one day and the other on the next. When you consider that a joint of beef would take at least three hours to roast, you may suppose that the poor dogs had no easy task to perform. The consequence was that, as the dinner-hour drew near, they would often hide themselves, and I have been told that if one of them was found, and it was not his turn to be put into the wheel, he would point out the retreat of his companion, showing that they not only calculated time, but are clever, sensible dogs.

Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog which he left with his family in England while he accompanied an expedition to America during the wars of the colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the

officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and, in a few minutes, fell dead at his feet. A favourite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress after a long absence.

I have now given you some anecdotes of the affection, sense, and strong attachments of animals either to man or to each other, especially of the dog. I am convinced that the more the character of this animal is known, the better treatment he will receive, and a stronger sympathy will be excited for him. In fact, he is a friend so faithful—a protector so disinterested and courageous—that he deserves all the kindness and affection which can be shown him. A French writer has boldly affirmed that, with the exception of women, there is nothing on earth so agreeable, or so necessary to the comfort of man, as a dog. However this may be, it is certain that if we were deprived of the companionship and the services of the dog, man would be a solitary, and, in many respects, a helpless being. The dog has died in the defence of his master—saved him from drowning—warned him of approaching danger, and, if deprived of sight, has gently and faithfully led him about. If his master wants amusement in the fields or the woods, he is delighted to have an opportunity of procuring it for him. If he finds himself in solitude, his dog will be a cheerful companion ; and may be, when death comes, he will be the last, as we have seen, to forsake the grave of his beloved master. In fact, he is fond, intelligent, and grateful. I will here quote some lines, by Lord Byron, on his dog :—

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of wo,
And storied urns record who rests below:
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls. * * *
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

I have now done with my lectures for the present. You wished, when I last met you, to have one more, and I need not tell you that

this has been a hurried one. I have only to say that I quit you with much regret; for I have been listened to with kindness and attention, and, what has gratified me much more, I have been assured that I have both pleased and instructed you. Be quite certain that I shall never forget you, or cease to feel a deep interest in your welfare. Do not forsake your "Home." It is a place for rational enjoyment and improvement, equally a place also for an honest, sober man, as well as a Christian. And now farewell, and may God bless you all.

The attention which the men paid to Mr. Jesse must have been highly satisfactory to that gentleman. With the exception of an occasional laugh, created by Mr. Jesse's racy anecdotes, and frequent bursts of applause, the strictest decorum was observed throughout the reading. Mr. Jesse sat down amid loud applause.

Mr. Nathaniel King, the Missionary from the Society for Promoting Missions to Seamen, thought it the duty of the men to give their esteemed friend, Mr. Jesse, a vote of thanks.

This Mr. J. Verner had great pleasure in seconding; and the vote was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Jesse, in returning thanks, said that this was the sixth time he had had the pleasure of thanking them for thanking him. (A laugh.) He could only repeat what he had said over and over again. He thanked them all for the kind attention they had paid him; he begged to thank them very much. (Loud applause.)

The men gave Mr. Jesse three hearty cheers as he took his departure.

FINIS.

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